### THE LOVERS' CORNER. First Aid to Wounded Hearts.

The Parents to Blame.

The Parents to Blame.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

I have been receiving attentions from a gentleman for the past two years. His family, and himself are liked personally by my folks and vice versa. I am a Catholic and he is a Protestant. For this reason my parents oppose our marriage. He has told them he will change his religion for me and to please them in 32 confirmed in the Catholic Church before our, wedding. Still my folks forbid our marriage simply because his folks are Protestants. He is well situated financially- and is a perfect gentleman. I love him and can hardly think of life without him. My parents say they will give me up entirely if I marry him.

IMPATIENT.

There are times when parental opponers.

sition becomes tyranny. Your parents on fire.

You should do everything in your power to change this. Quarrelling will be a recting to the control of the co objections to the young man personally; ie is willing to change his religious reced for the one which they thuselves adv for fault-finding is to endeavor to have no faults. For the sake of the three children both of you should be ready to give up little ways and whits which they opose.

In view of these facts, and the added one that the young man's family offer no opposition to you or your different faith. I think you may claim the right to be faithful to your lover. Use every right means to overcome your parents' objections and do not make any hasty secision with regard to marriage against their wishes. If you and the young man truly love each other you yan better afford to wait and hope than can better afford to wait and hope than to rashly conclude that the rupture of family peace and harmony is your only other alternative.
Show this letter to your parents and

teil them that one who always counsels respect to parents from their children believes also that obedient children should receive from their parents dur respect for all decisions of the heart.

#### Another Darby and Joan.

Another Darby and Joan.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:
My husoand and I are always quarrelling. I do everything to piease him, but still he finds fault. When he comes home for supper he always wants to know what work I have done while he has been working. I have three children, and he things the house ought to be in good order whenever he comes in. Every fifteen days he has a night off. I ask him to take me out, and he tells me I can go out when he is working, for when he is off he likes to go out alone. Do you think that is propar? My mother-in-law lives in the same house and she is always telling him what to do. Kindly advise me.

Mrs. V. M.

\* You and your husband would do well to read the old story of "Darby and Joan." In that story a man and his wife agree to exchange work for one day, in order that each might prove to

. AS EASY TO SMILE. When life has a notion of treating us wrong.

Or we fancy, at least, this is so; When we notice the discord that sounds in its song,

And hear it wherever we go, Why, then, there's a maxim that we may apply, And by it our troubles may drown:

It's as easy to laugh as to weep or to And as easy to smile as to frown.

If the day has a way of weeping a

What matter, what matter to you? To-morrow the spectre of tempest

will flit. The skies will be cheery and blue; So, though the world move in a devi-

ous way. Look upward and onward, not down

For Care writes his record in wrin-

kles and gray-It's as easy to smile as to frown.

-Felix G. Pryme in Success.

the other how easily he or she could

There are times when parental oppo-

die a natural death if there is nobody to encourage it, and an infallible remedy for fault-finding is to endeavor to seems to depend upon this marriage, which provoke discord and angry words. Make a friend instead of an enemy of your mother-in-law and do no opposition to you or your different not give her any occasion to set your

#### MAY MANTON DAILY DRESS HINT.



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plaits of the skirt.

Material required for the medium size:
For coat, 2 1-2 vards 44 inches wide or
2 1-8 yards 52 inches wide; for skirt,
5 1-2 yards 44 inches wide or 4 yards 52
inches wide, when material has figure
or nap; 3 3-4 yards 44 or 52 inches wide
when material has neither figure nor
nap.

when material has better figure for hap.

The Norfolk pattern, No. 4,246, is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 35, 33 and 40 inch bust measure, 10 cents.

The skirt pattern, No. 4,249, is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measure, 10 cents.

Send money to "Cashier, The World, Pulitzer Building, New York City."

lever has been and never will be in my opinion, that will take the place in cos metic properties of coaps, hot water and

There is no skin beautifier and there

THIRTEENTH ARTICLE

OF SERIES.

I know all of the absurd and illogical theories as well as the results in thousands of cases where the subject exemplifies any one of the systems opposed to water and soap for the complexion. Incomprehensible as it appears to me, every once in a while I read an attack on soap and water, as agents of purifiation of the skin or the face. It is a pity that so many women be

eve a thing opposed to all sane reasoning, because they happen to see it in How any thinking woman can believe

that the skin of her face differs from any other part of her body in its necessis a mystery to me.

by the most eminent specialists that In such cases cold cream liberally ap-

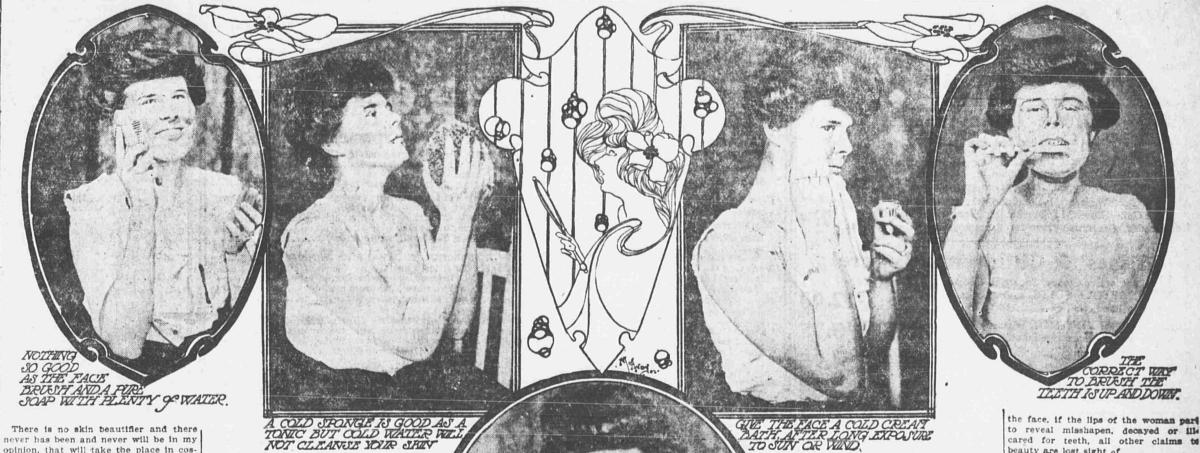
Constantly, or perhaps I would better say, very frequently, I receive pamphlets extolling one system of beauty cultexture of the skin. This is nonsense to the very last de-

gree. Face washing does not injure the baby's skin, which is centainly quite as delicate as his mother's. It has not injured the complexion of the English woman, who has been a face scrubber almost from her birth, and whose fornotorious tubbers and scrubbers.

As a matter of statistics the most for their exquisite and immaculate

The English women, Germans, Norwegians, Dutch, all devotees of soap and By HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.

How to Have a Beautiful Face. CLEANLINESS OF SKIN AND CARE OF THE TEETH.



Complexions depreciate in texture and beauty in a ratio to the scrubbing pro-

pensities of the nations represented. The worst skins in the world are found in the far East, where the natives smear oils upon the face instead of using water and soap, and where even the babies are afflicted with frightful sores and pus tules.

There is a lot of talk about cleansing the face with cold cream, which is to be used as a substitute for water. Cold cream has its use, but it cannot

take the place of soap, water and friction. For example, after a long day's exposure in the sun and wind, during ty for the only cleanliness to be ob- which time the natural oils upon which tained winch is through soap and water, the cuticle depends for its smoothness and elasticity are exhausted. Liter-It is a well-known fact and you have ally, burned out. For wind and sun only to refer to the text books written will burn out the body fuse or fat.

very many skin diseases originate in plied to the face will not only remove any superfluous dust, which, of course, at once adheres to the unctuous application, but the oils of the cream will feed the exhausted skin, restore it and ture or another in which face washing take away that miserable feeling of to hold it together in a concrete mass. drawing which we all have experienced.

of the skin thoroughly.

Just consider what is meant, and rethe place of soap and water in disintegrating dirt or any other foreign subbears for generations back have been skin, any more than it will take dirt a pimple. out of your clothing.

If smearing the face with grease will proposition.

The skin of the face requires soap, this department. hot water and friction, in order to Be sure you get the right brush. I

of the scarf skin, Soap, as you know, is composed of oils made saponaceous by fust enough alkall A pure hygienic soap is one which Do not be misled into thinking that does not contain any free alkali, that cold cream will really cleanse the pores is to say, more than is required to hold t together.

ter caused by the continual reproduction

If you do not keep your face clean the member that pure grease will not take functions of the skin are partially suspended. The pores are congested and unless they are relieved the result will stances which collect in the pores of the inevitably be first a black head and then

Don't be afraid to wash your face with soap and hot water, and unless your beautiful complexions in the world are cleanse it, why will it not do the same skin is diseased, you should also ase the those of the women of nations proverbial with the hands. It is a perfectly absurd face scrubbinb brush of which you have constantly read, if you are interested in

thoroughly loosen and remove any have no financial interest in this article,

to treat your face as though it were the to keep the teeth actually free from kitchen floor.

The value of the brush is in the fact the crevices produces as soon as fer

that the bristles search the pores of mentation takes place.
the skin and dislodge all congested or And for this reason foreign marter. Rinse the face in several waters, each one a little cooler than the last. Don't forget that it is and have her teeth thoroughly inspected. just as important to remove any parti-lin this way cavities are never allowed cles of soap from the skin ducts as it to get large, teeth are not lost, and the is to cleanse the pores from dust. Last of all, give the face a good cold sponge in water cold enough to have a

onic effect. A few drops of tincture of penzoln in the cold water makes a deightful ending. Sometimes the brush when first used will irrftate the skin a little. This is

quite natural, as the flesh is unaccustomed to so much friction. If this is the case apply a little cold crea.m The skin, however, soon recovers from any tenderness caused by

me and my pupils, I may claim to know the brush, and once you get accus-Thousands of brushes are upon the market which are absolutely useless. tomed to scrubbing your face with a brush, you will never feel clean or The correct brush has white bristles, a satisfied with any other sort of a plain unvarnished back, and is about bath. More depends upon the teeth in deter-

mining good looks than many women appear to realize. It makes no difference how perfect stylish or smart.

to reveal misshapen, decayed or ille cared for teeth, all other claims to beauty are lost sight of.

Better economize in almost any other it on the soap until you get a good way than in the care of your teeth, ather, and don't be afraid to scrub al- Absolutely clean teeth never decay. though of course you are not supposed It is quite impossible in most cased

And for this reason I think every subject is saved all the pain which we usually associate rightly with dentis

The best time to brush the teeth, se far as preservation is concerned is im-

Of course, for one's own comfort, one wants to brush one's teteth on arising, but do not forget that it is imperative you would preserve your teeth, that hey should be brushed before going to

Brush always up and down. You came to dislodge the food particles by brushing across the teeth, and many physicans say that the enamel of the teeth injured and worn by cross-brushing which is really brushing across the grain.

The next article will explain why some women never look

## water, have the most lovely satin-like logged secretions of the pores, and to but as I myself originated the face

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

An embroiderer named Hubert and his wife, at Beaumont, France, adopt a founding, Angelica Marle. She grows to young womanhood, a dreamer and a religious devotee. One evening she sees outside her window a young man who instills her ideal of the dream-prince she has long loved.

She later meets the man, who tells her his name is Felicien and that he is a painter of eathedral windows. He avows his love for her. She promises to marry him. Later she learnshe is a young nobleman, son of the local Bishop. Also that he is bethrothed to the daughter of a noble family.

Angelia sickens from unhappiness, and Felicien at length succeeds: in obtaining an interview with her, in which he tells her he still loves her.

And of herself she sat up, amid the great royal bed.

The Bishop, beaming, the light of the prodigy shining in his eyes, repeated the formula:

"Actipe lampadem ardentem"—

"Amen," responded the abbe.

Angelica had taken the lighted taper, and, with a firm hand, theld it erect.

Her life had come back, the flame burned very clear, driving away the spirits of the night.

A great cry pierced the room. Fe-leicien had spirits of the night.

A great royal bed.

"Oh! I kne that I have se But Monseig his serene hat the formula:

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Her life had come back, the flame burned very clear, driving away the spirits of the night.

A great cry pierced the room. Fe-leicien had a great royal bed.

Angelica at last is dying. The Bishop says is the recovers he will consent to her marryin. Pelicien.

CHAPTER VI. Victory!

RIDED by the Abbe Cornille, the Bishop performed the holy rites of extreme unction over the dying

In the hallway outside the door Fellcien sobbed in the enervation of hope. At the Caremony's conclusion the Bishop held the holy taper above the seemingly unconscious girl.

Then Monseigneur was seized with a great trembling. It was the emotion, long combated, which overflowed withth han, bearing away the last sacredota rigidity. He had loved her, this child, from the day she had knelt sobbing at his knees, pure, fragrant with the sweetness of youth. At this hour she was piteous, with this paleness of the tomb, of so sad a beauty that he could not turn his eyes to the bed without his heart being secretly flooded with grief. At last he ceased to contain himself, two big tears welled between his lids, ran down his cheeks. She should not die thus, she had conquered

him by her charm in death. And Monseigneur, remembering the miracles of his race, this power of healing that heaven had given his people thought that doubtless God was awaiting his fatherly consent. He invoked Saint Agnes, before whom all his house had made their devotions, and, like Jean V. d'Hautecoeur praying at the bedside at the plague-stricken and kissing them, he prayed, and, stooping, kissed An-

selica on the mouth. "If Ged will I will." At once Angelica raised her lids. She looked at him without surprise

awakened from her long swoon and her lips, warm with the kiss, smiled, These were the things that were t be realized; perhaps she had just again, thinking it very natural that Monseigneur should be there to betroth her to Felicien since

the hour was come.

\* LOVE'S DREAM.

burned very clear, driving away the berts and the Abbe Cornille wept.

## that I have seen must be."

with a great sweep of his hand, over devoutly listened to the mass. Into the all the room, over all the heads, he hand of each had been put a glowing that princely mansion, full of jewels Her life had come back, the flame gave the last blessings, while the Hu- candle, symbol of virginity preserved

Felicien had taken the hand of An-

## EMILE ZOLA.

### right smile. "Oh! I knew; I was waiting. All like the holy oils, going and coming with the world of which she was still ignorant, and she slackened her pace, and that I have seen must be." At length the day set for the marriage she gazed upon the busy houses, upon all their funultness growd upon the function of the fu his serene hauteur, laid once more to The cathedral was crowded as the which claimed her and saluted her. her lips the crucifix, which she this marriage mass began. time kissed, as a submissive child. Then | Angelica and Felicien, on their knees,

A great cry pierced the room. Fe- gelica, and, in the other little hand the remained under the veil, the sign of

imphal ma-th, in such thundering acclaim that the old edifice trembled. Thrilled, the crowd remained standing. all on tip-toe to see the beautiful sight; existence, had the ecstatic sensation women mounted chairs; there were compact rows of heads to the very end of ail that multitude smiled with beating

The thousands of tapers, in that final farewell, seemed to burn higher, lengthening out their flames, tongues of fire that made the vaults shimmer.

amidst the ornaments and the sacred And, all at once, the main doors be neath the organs were flung wide open,

dal pair, still more numerous, of a more impatient sympathy, already tossing to and fro with gestures and acclamations. The tapers paled, the organs covered with their thunder the noises of the

hedge of the faithful, Angelica and Felicien moved toward the door. walking toward the beyond, to enter into reality.

the tumultuous crowd, upon all that

husband had almost to carry her. and queenly attire. A suffocation half stopped her; yet she had the strength

upon her finger. She smiled at that eternal bond. Then, on the threshold of that great door, just before the steps which led down to the place, she tottered.

Had she not reached the zenith of bliss? Was it not there that the joy of She raised herself in a last effort, she

But death came without sadness. Monseigneur, with his great gesture of pastoral benediction, was aiding that soul to free itself; himself calmed, re-

that a dream was closing. The whole cathedral, the whole town the dark chapels of the collaterals; and were filled with the spirit of the sacred

> The organs pealed out louder, the bells rang out in fuller sweep, the crowd acclaimed more reverently, this THE ROGERS BROTHERS IN HARVARD ouple of love, at the threshold of the mystic church, under the glory of the vernal sun.

Angelica, happy, pure, uplifted, borne way in the realization of her dream, ravished from the dark Romanesque hapels, from the dazzling Gothic vaults, with their antique vestiges of gold and paintings, up to the full paradise of the

And Felicien held but an empty tres ure, very soft and very tender-he wedding robe, all lace and pearls, the handful of light feathers, still warm

possesed only a shadow.

The vision, come from the invisible and returned to the invisible. It had been but an apparition, which ow faded away with the illusion it had

That porch of crude light opened upon

Use the face brush at night, and use hot water for the actual scrubbing. Im-merse the brush in hot water then rub

were ever made were manufactured for

what the correct brush is.

BRUSH YOUR



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DEWEY MATINEE TO-DAY ROYAL BURLESQUERS.

BIJOU BY S 15. HEARTS AFLAME orought to life.

All is but a dream. And, at the summit of bliss, Angelica had disappeared in the light breath of a kiss.

(THE END.)

The content of the summit of the s

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S MONTAUK WED. 4 84 THE WILD ROSE

### THE MIRACLE!



by the wind of miracle; while the Hu- very high. berts, by the same gust, remained kneeling, with staring eyes and bewil-

dered faces, in the presence of what they had just witnessed. And Felicien, seeing her saved, dazed spite of the joy that shone from her by this grace which was vouchsafed whole being. them, approached, and knelt at the

bedside.

HER LIFE HAD COME BACK; THE FLAME BURNED VERY CLEAR icien had arisen, as though uplifted taper of innocence was now burning,

The marriage was fixed for the first days in April. But Angelica remained very feeble, in

She had wished to come down again to "Ah! beloved soul, you recognize us, by this effort, she was forced once more her convalescence. But, soon worn out you live—I am yours, my father wills to keep to her room. She lived there, smiling, and if not recovering her former full health, still white and ethereal,

since baptism. After the dominical orison they had submission, of chastity, of modesty, while the priest, standing at the right hand side of the altar, read the pre-

scribed prayers. They : ill held the burning candles, which are also a warning to think of death, even in the just joys of nuptials. And now it was all finished; the offering had been received, the celebrant had retired, accompanied by the ceremoniary, the thuriferi and the acolytes, having prayed God to bless the wedded pair. At this moment the entire cathedral broke forth in joyful exultation. The organs filled the lofty vessel with a tri-

There arose a last hosanna of the elergy, in the flowers and verdure,

piercing the walls of the church with a laring sheet of light. It was the clear April morning, the living sun of spring, the Place du Legend. Cloitre with its gay, white houses; and And F here, another crowd awaiting the bri-

street. At a slow pace, between the double Now, after the triumph, she was emerging from the dream, she was Her feebleness was so great that her But, still, she smiled, she thought of THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE

to take a few steps more. Her look fell upon the ring slipped

life was to end? brought her lips to the lips of Felicien. And, in that kiss, she died.

conquered by the divine abstraction. The Huberts, forgiven, returning into

feasts.

Oh! it was indeed a triumphal flight!

Forwlong, indeed, had he felt that he

brought to life.

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